

The Shins

"Pariah King"

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It all spans out on a plane
Looking back, hardly a hill or valley still remains
The boy before the pain
Still longs for the womb of love as he smashes down
with a cane

It builds up, then it breaks down
It's your perception alone
Of grey hands taking control
But what can you do to prove it?

The flat waste of a life
How many times did you try and stop the bleeding with
a knife
There's an incline to the floor
And everything in your crooked life ends up rolling out
the door

It builds up, then it breaks down
But it's your perception alone
Of grey hands have taken control
But what can you do to prove it?
Look man, there's nothing to it

What are you really getting at when you sing?
There's something wrong and beautiful
Kill a snake and make yourself pariah king
The voice bleeds through the wall, "no Jimmy no"

It builds up, then it breaks down
It's your perception alone
With your hand over your mouth
God forbid it gets out
The grey hands have got you in tow
But what can you do to prove it?
Look boy, there's nothing to it

What are you really getting at when you sing?
It's something wrong and beautiful
Kill a snake and make yourself pariah king
The voice bleeds through the wall, "no Jimmy no"

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